

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — Editor and Proprietor
T. R. WALTON, — Business Manager

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Hoffenstein on Poor People.

"Herman," said Hoffenstein, as he glanced over a book in which he kept small accounts, "has got shoemaker vat keeps the corner around baird vot he owns de shore yet?"

"No, Mr. Hoffenstein," replied the clerk, "but I think he will. He was a good man, if he was poor."

"Dot may be so, Herman, but you had pedder vatch him. Don't let him hat noting more on credit. You must always think a man is a rascal until he bays vot he owes; if you don't, you'll lose money by thinking he was good. My gr-a-cious, Herman, I have seen blenty uv boor men vat was good! Dey will get dings at my shore on credit and stend deir gash mit some von else. Vetch de shoemakers, Herman; I has been boor myself once."

"De shoemaker, Miser Hessen-stein," said the clerk, "would hat baird pevore dis, if he don't hat been zo boor."

"Put he don't got no pineses being dot vay," replied Hoffenstein. "A man vat was boor, Herman, don't can blame no von but himself. Vd you don't be got vely like older boobies? If a man was maddened mit being boor, he don't can po vert anything, you know. Ven I was bedding, I went to a vely merchant to get some goots on credit. He don't let me hav dem, and I told him dat I was honest, if I was a boor man. Vat you dinks, Herman? he says, 'My frent, hell was so vull uv boobies in your vix dat dey was shicking de vinders ond!' Dot expevience, Herman, learned me dot a boor man don't got influence enough to make de dogs bark at him, and so I went to work. Dree year after dot, I has a dry goot shore und was bresident uv a politcal association. My gr-a-cions, Herman, never want to pe a boor man! De only ding vat a boor man can get was religion, and he wouldn't get dot if it cost anything. Rekolleek dot berseferevoo in piness will make you vely, und dot if you vail in de righg way dere was money in it. Ven I went to Simon Kraus man, my wife's uncle, und I says, 'Simon, I think I will vail; dere was no money in de piness any longer.' 'Heben,' he says, 'de poye was baying as high as twenty cents, die year, und I think you pedder vail.' I dook his advie, Herman, und next year, ven day was only baying den cents, I vailed, und made ofer vour dousand dollars. Shust dink uv it! Now, dere was Solomon Oppenheimer, who put a heelele boor ab way out in Argan-
as, und dey goot for fifteen miles around ras zo boor dot all de vleas went away. Well, he hut his shore dere, und vor zeek years he vailed in piness, und now Solomon owns a couple uv pricks shore in Houston, Texas. He made all uv dot by his berseferevoo. Dink of it, Herman, und vilo you dink of it, don't let de shoemaker ve was dalking abot got away mitud baying vot he owes."

The Gothic railway proper is 113 miles long, and there are in all not less than 56 tunnels, comprising more than one-fifth of the whole line, many of these tunnels being also constructed in spirals, to enable the road to make very great ascents within short distances. The main tunnel is nine and one fourth miles long, and others exceed 6,000 feet in length; the width of the greatest tunnel is 26 feet.

A man at a hotel fell the whole length of a flight of stairs. Servants rushed to pick him up. They asked him if he was hurt. "No," he replied; "not at all. I am used to coming down that way. I'm a life insurance agent."

The Knights of Honor in the United States distributed last year to the families of deceased members the sum of \$2,250,000 and this at a cost of \$3,500, or about one seventh of one per cent.

"Now rope for halters may," says the *Ohio Farmer*, "be rendered permanently limber and soft, by boiling two hours in water and then drying in a warm room."

H. A. Lyons, Louisville, Ky., says "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and indigestion; it's the best remedy I ever tried."

Harmonious Principles.

The New York *Sun* has laid down the following planks for Democracy, which it denominates "Harmonious Principles":

I. Let the tariff be for revenue. It will then be protective also.

II. Let the revenue tariff be the only source of revenue.

III. Let all internal taxes be abolished at once, except only the tax on spirits.

IV. Let the tax on spirits be retained only to meet the necessity of means to pay arrearages of pensions. When these arrearages are provided for the spirit tax be likewise abolished.

Miss Lillie Wall, of Irwin county, Ga., was dangerously ill for several days, and the doctors quietly informed her father, Mr. Jasper Wall, that his daughter could not possibly live. Going to the bedside and viewing her sadly, the father said: "My darling child, you are obliged to die, but I only hope that I may die first." Shortly after he went into convulsions and was soon dead, followed three hours later by his daughter.

When sinners have supposed themselves to be dying and protested to be converted, but afterwards have unexpectedly recovered, in most cases they have lived as they did before. This is the general opinion of pastors who have seen these supposed deathbed conversions, as reported by the *Christian Advocate*.

A rural type, in setting up a farm item made it read "the temperature of the soul depends upon its humidity," and when the editor came in with his wet boots on and lifted the wretched out into the soil of the adjoining pig pen, he had time to reflect upon the difference between soul and soil.

An observing man has noticed that shoemakers are careless about the shoes they wear, batters about their hats, and tailors about their clothing. This probably explains why some ministers are personally careless about their religion.

James G. Parkinson, a deaf and dumb lawyer of the Cincinnati bar, has been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, being the first mute ever enrolled at that bar.

At a stenographic exhibition in Paris 24 different systems of shorthand are on view. Among other curiosities there is a postcard containing 44,000 words.

In Paris the number of illegitimate children born is 50 per cent. of the whole number, and in Vienna 57 per cent.

J. H. Green, Louisville, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters gave me speedy relief from a long continued attack of dyspepsia."

SCIENCE IS PROGRESS.

To science, again, we owe the ideas of progress. "The omniscient," said Hagedorn, "had no conception of progress; they do not much as reject the idea; they do not even entertain it." It is not, I think, now going too far to say that the test of civilization of a nation must be measured by its progress in science. It is often said, however, that great and unexpected as the recent discoveries have been, there are certain ultimate problems which must ever remain unsolved. For my part, I would prefer to abstain from laying down any such limitations. When Park asked the Arabs what became of the sun at night, and whether the sun was always the same or new each day, they replied that such a question was childish and beyond the reach of human investigation. Even as late as 1845 so high an authority as Comte treated as obviously impossible and hopeless any attempt to determine the chemical composition of the heavenly bodies. Doubtless there are questions the solution of which we do not as yet see our way even to attempt; nevertheless the experience of the past warns us not to limit the possibilities of the future.—*Sir John Lubbock before the British Association.*

NET HIRTE.

Francis Bret Harte was born at Albany, N. Y., in 1837. At 17 he went to California, where he taught school, became a miner and then a compositor in a newspaper office at Eureka, Nev. Returning to San Francisco, he was a compositor, and afterward editor of the *Golden Era*. He held positions successively in the Surveyor General's office, the United States Marshal's office and the Branch Mint, and was concerned in the management of the *Californian*. He became widely known by his poems and characteristic pictures of California life in the *Overland Monthly*, founded and edited by him in July, 1863. Since then he has published several volumes of stories, sketches and poetry. Harte now lives in England.

All diseases resulting from self-abuse, as nervous debility, mental anxiety, depression of spirit and functional derangement of nervous system, cured by German Balsam and indigestion. For sale by Peany & McAllister.

W. P. WALTON, — Proprietor.

PLEASANTRIES.

SHOCKING DISASTER.—An earthquake. GHOSTS must come from gnome man's land.

SMELLING SALT.—Sailors trying to discover a place where whisky is sold.

THE ARABIC FOR CAT IS "GIT." That ought to be the English of it, too—GIT too?

PERSONAL.—John, come back; all is forgiven! I've kicked the wrong man. He did not know it was you. Stella.

SOME one who has been there remarks that a young author lives in an attic because one is rarely able to live on his first story.

THE reason that a boggeman recently hired himself from a fourth-story window was that he was insane, and thought he was a trunk.

"WHAT makes you look so deathly sick, Tommy?" "Well, the fac' of the matter is, I've only taken my first chew, and I am only an amateur."

A DUBLIN newspaper contained the following: "I hereby warn all persons from trusting my wife, Ellen Flanagan, on my account, as I am not married to her."

"NO," said the cashier, "I didn't need the money. I wasn't speculating. I had no necessity for stealing it. But, hang it! I didn't want to be called eccentric."

NOR TOO FUNNY: "Dwo was school enough, but dwo was too blentity," remarked Hatus, when his best girl asked him to take her mother along with them to a dance.

NIAGARA FALLS IS SO BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT every evening that, after paying the hackman, you can easily see whether there is anything left in your pocket.

IT is rather unpleasant to hear a public speaker remark, "My friends-ur, I wish to say a few words-ur on this occasion-ur," etc.; but then we must remember that to us is human.

AN Eastern man started a gorgeous "billiard parlor" out West, but neglecting a liberal supply of spittoons it was said his establishment did not come up to the public expectation.

THE New Haven *Register* gives the following excellent directions as to how to tell a good onion: "Hire your best girl to eat it raw, and then call upon her. If the onion is good your stay will be short."

IT is feared that the enormous manufacture of wooden toothpicks is utterly destroying the forests of America; but, then, the young man who spends all his salary for good clothes must have something to eat.

A FRNCH writer remarks, "if a lady says to you, 'I can never love you,' wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says, 'No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I, take your hat."

A SOUTH AMERICAN plant has been found that cures baldness. It should be promptly tried on the man who leaves the hotel by the back window because he is too diffident to say good-by to the cashier and clerk.

STRANGE PETS.

Everything living, however small and insignificant it appears, is susceptible to kindness. In a Massachusetts town there is a young woman who has made quite a number of the piscatorial inhabitants of a pond her most intimate friends. She makes daily visits to the pond, carrying a generous supply of food. Any one of the flat, turtles, frogs, etc., will eat out of the lady's hand, and allow themselves to be handled without betraying the least fear. The most familiar of this colony is a large eel, over three feet long, which will permit himself to be taken from the water and toyed with at pleasure, the only consideration being that his head alone shall remain in the water. Among her other acquaintances are two snapping-turtles, who seem to relish the terms of familiarity.

FISH IN THE OLDEN TIME.

In London in the old time the market price of fish was prearranged by authority. Edward III., for instance, issued very stringent regulations for keeping down prices; while the profits of all fishmongers were to be no more than a penny in the shilling. The following were the market prices: Mackerel, one penny, and turbot sixpence each; soles, twelve for threepence; pickled herrings, one penny per score; mussels twopence per gallon, and eels four pence per 100. No fish were allowed to be sold by weight.

IT is worthy of notice that very few men distinguish themselves as editors, who do not first of all serve a patient apprenticeship, either as subordinate writers or as the conductors of unimportant publications. Experience shows that there is a good deal more to be mastered than the art of writing well. It is in this sense that journalism is called a profession.

NEVADA has about 1,000,000 acres of salt land, and could supply the whole earth if necessary. Beside this she has about 1,000,000 acres of soda and brine deposits, sufficient to run hedges for the next 100,000 years.

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BROTHER GARDNER ON HONESTY.

IF I should find a perfectly honest man—honest in his expressions, honest in his dealing, sincere in his statements—I should like him. He would be a lonesome object in this size. He would seek in vain for companions. While I believe that honesty is the best policy, I don't look to see it practiced beyond a certain limit. When I trade mules with a man I like to doubt his word, I want to feel that he is keeping still 'bout de ring-hones an' spavin,' an' dat he beats me says am just turnin' to ten years old will nobber see his 21st birthday no more.

IT is monotonous to deal with a man who is perfectly honest. If I lend a man money I want him to be honest 'nuff to return it, but if he kin trade me a watch worth \$3 for a gun worth seven cents I should be satisfied.

IT should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

PERSONS TRAVELING OR LIVING IN UNFAMILIAR LOCALITIES, by taking a dose occasionally of SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, accompanied by a few glasses of beer, will be relieved of the symptoms of debility, languor, &c.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes in the Head; pain under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels, Diarrhoea, Constipation; Jaundice; Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Chills; Headache; Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Liver and Bowels and Kidneys.

DRUGS, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY ARTICLES.

PHARMACISTS.

DRUGS, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY ARTICLES.

DRUGS,

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - - May 4, 1883

W. P. WALTON, - - - EDITOR

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR REPRESENTATIVE,

JUDGE THOMAS P. HILL, JR.

The editor of this paper is again sick and confined to his bed, and as we, (the business manager), were not prepared for the emergency, will have to ask our readers to excuse the very poor paper which we have to lay before them this morning.

ADDITIONAL particulars of the Thompson-Davis tragedy confirm us in our first opinion, that it was a fearful crime, committed by a man who chose to believe a disreputable woman to the wife of his bosom and who thought to get clear of his cruel deed by invoking the feeling against seduction. Judging by the action of the county officials in not holding an inquest, and Judge Hardin's impeachable action in the matter, we were sure that the grand jury would play its part too, but all honor to it; it has found an indictment and Davis' brothers and relatives should prosecute it to the bitter end.

It wont always do to take the advice of a lawyer, as a California man has found to his sorrow. He was told by one that a certain newspaper article about him was grossly libelous and that if he allowed him to bring a suit heavy damages could be obtained. On the trial the newspaper showed the man up in such a bad light that the jury refused to give him anything. His expenses were \$500 and he has now brought suit against the lawyer for that amount alleging that his advice got him into the trouble.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—John M. Glass, republican, has been elected mayor of Jeffersonville, Ind.

—Gov. J. S. Boynton, of Georgia, was married to Miss Sadie T. Harris this week.

—The importation of American pork into Greece has been forbidden by the government.

—Mrs. Lizzie Pearce, daughter of W. N. Hilderman, of the Courier-Journal, died Wednesday.

—Jack Brawley has been arrested at Charlotte, N. C., for attempting to rape a five-year-old child.

—Kate Kane, the obstreperous Milwaukee female lawyer, has been remanded back to jail without bail.

—The Governor of Alabama has signed contracts hiring out 400 of the State convicts to work in the mines.

—The Superior Court of Kentucky decides that a woman can sue for money lost by her husband at gambling.

—The Cincinnati Dramatic Festival is a grand success. Four thousand persons attended the first performance.

—The President has appointed Wm. T. Wood District Judge in place of W. Q. Graham, appointed P. M. General.

—The jury in the Redmon case for murder of Secrist, at Paris, disagreed, and he was admitted to bail in the sum of \$5,000.

—Agnes Robertson Boucicault's suit for divorce from Dion Boucicault has been discontinued in the New York Supreme Court.

—The ground upon which Cincinnati now stands is said to have been purchased by J. C. Symmes about ninety years ago at 67 cents per acre.

—An explosion in the Keystone Colliery mines near Ashland, Pa., killed a half-dozen or more miners and seriously injured a number of others.

—Russian authorities believe the Nihilists are preparing for simultaneous disturbances in various parts of the Empire during the coronation.

—A dispatch from Helena, Mont., of May 2, says: A heavy fall of snow is interfering with the progress of building the Northern Pacific Railroad.

—The public debt was decreased only about \$3,500,000 during April, owing to the fact that \$10,000,000 were paid out during the month on account of pensions.

—Gen. Siroth, Consul General to Mexico, reports a general impetus in mining and other public enterprises in that country, the result of the rapidly-growing railway system.

—Geo. Wilson, a prominent citizen of Marion county, while getting over a fence with gun in hand, accidentally discharged it and the ball passed through his body killing him.

—The number of graduates from West Point this year will not equal the vacancies in the roll of Second Lieutenants in the army and the deficiency will be supplied by appointments from civil life.

—Judge Simrell has decided that the Willard Hotel Lottery fund shall be divided among the ticket holders who filed their tickets prior to May 1, after the sum of about \$5,000 has been paid for costs.

—Gen. Raum, during the seven years he was at the head of the Internal Revenue Bureau, collected \$850,000,000 in taxes for the Government without the loss of a dollar.

—The contract for building the dormitory of Central University has been let to Mr. M. E. Jett for \$15,000. The building will be three stories high and in accordance with the present structure.—[Michigan Herald.]

—Judge Barr, of the United States Circuit Court of Louisville, has decided that the Western Union Telegraph Company may take their ticker from the "bucket shop" of Bryant & Co. and Hodges & Co., of that city.

—Frank Godfrey and D. T. Johnston, living near Harrodsburg, had an altercation Wednesday over a pathway which Godfrey

claimed from Johnston's land. Godfrey drew a knife and gave Johnston three fearful gashes. The wounds are supposed to be mortal.

—Commissioner Bowman has received for free distribution 250,000 milk-worm eggs, the first instalment of 1,000,000, from Hon. P. W. McKittrick, President of the American Silk Growers Association at Memphis. Requests for large quantities have already been made from many portions of the State—from ladies mostly, to whom the industry is particularly adapted.

—The government tax on tobacco under the new schedule was changed Tuesday from 10 to 8 cents per pound. Tobacco has been held back for some time to get the benefit of this reduction. The revenue stamp were sold in large quantities at the Internal Revenue office on that day and enormous quantities of tobacco were moved.

—The Internal Revenue collections for this district for April were \$210,851, a considerable increase over the corresponding month last year. The tax on whisky shipped from the district for export the last three months, amounts to \$100,000, the bulk of the export being to Bermuda, as the effect of the non-passage of the extension bill. About 4,000,000 gallons are in bond in the district yet. Production about one-third of last year.—[Lexington Press.]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

"PRAISE THE LORD."

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE,
DALTON, LONDON, E. C. April 18, '83.

Dear Interior:

I thought best to call a brief half in correspondence, until there should be something worth writing about; for, it is remembered, I am not a mere looker on London, but an Ambassador—on a Mission. When I can report something of the "King's business," I can well afford, also, to turn aside, and write of collateral events; but have not the heart to put them by themselves. When current topics and sketches of travel cease to be collateral, I shall not be an Evangelist, but a reporter. May the good LORD keep me in my higher vocation.

It is with unfeigned joy, therefore, that I can report the resumption of regular work, begun exactly with the beginning of the 7th week of our sojourn in the Metropolis of Israel. By no self-planning, but lovingly arranged thus by Him, who does not forget His name of "Wonderful Number," as we read in Daniel. If He numbers the hairs on His children's heads, surely He does the same with their days of service. I accept this inaugurating period of service, therefore, as a most happy omen, or rather token of Fatherly love, and go on all the stronger and better for it. Another link in the circumstantial train that demonstrates, in the aggregate, to experience, what has before been accepted by faith. The order, note well, must ever be this: "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know." Happy experience never demonstrates what has not before been taken on trust.

Well, the good LORD set us at our dear old work of systematic soul-saving, last night, in Hoxton Hall, which is well-known in London, as Headquarters of the "Blue Ribbon Army Gospel Temperance Movement." This is not to be confused with the "Salvation Army" of modern wondrous fame. This latter is the vigorous outgrowth of the former, and already has gone far ahead of its parent in power and usefulness. As Mr. Booth is the acknowledged Centre and Head of the Saviour's work, and the chief promoters of the "Drill Hall" Mission, of which, more anon, if the LORD will. The son and one of the daughters had been to America, and it was through a letter written to them by my dear friend Judge Lowe, of Dayton, O., that I received an invitation to preach at "Drill Hall." How wonderfully the LORD brings things around. We hope to know a great deal of this Mr. Green and his charming family in the days to come. Marie and the young ladies were mutually attracted. I may mention here, lest I should let it slip entirely, that, as we walked up the lotty hill on which Highgate is built, we saw a rough stone about two feet or more in height and breadth, around which was a railing, and over it an ornamental lamp. This, as duly set forth in an inscription, is the veritable stone on which Whittington (afterwards Sir Richard Whittington) sat and munched his crust, eat in arms, when he was about to leave London in hungering despair, and fancied he heard the Bow Bells ringing him back in these words "Turn again Whittington thrice Lord Mayor of London." And he did turn back from this very stone at this very spot, and did make good the chimes of Bow Bells. All of which not only happened to Whittington in sixteen hundred and something, but has happened to many thousands before and since his time. It is the old story of divine and human energy that dreams as Joseph did, or sees a spider spinning his web as the Brisco did, or hear bells as Whittington did, but in either case rise to bring it all to pass with a purpose that knows no shadow of wavering. Whittington and his cat stand in a niche by themselves in every Londoner's heart, and his legendary history has been an inspiration to many a discouraged heart since.

Last night we had a very fine gathering in Hoxton Hall for Tuesday night. Nine confessions rewarded us 100 fold, and we dropped into harness again as naturally as if we had not been "at grass" for six weeks. Praise the LORD and pray for us still dear friends. Ever in Jesus.

GEO. O. BARNES.
PULASKI COUNTY.
Somerset.

In bringing up everything fairly and squarely in this voracious narrative, as I have taken the public into confidence and propose no concealments, but simply to jot down things as they occur, to show how the LORD works and how the devil works; I may just say here, that before leaving America, I asked no letters of introduction from any one; not, however, refusing any that might come to me uninvited. Of such, I had four, viz: one to Mr. Spurgeon, one to Mr. Noble, one to the Secretary of the London Y. M. C. A. and one to Mr. Andrew Jukes. The last, I have yet in possession, waiting a fitting opportunity to present in person. The others I put in the mail soon after reaching London, resolving to leave this whole matter of introductions and human endorsements entirely in the LORD's hands, and not even seem to lean on them or desire them, by going in person to the various parties.

Mr. Spurgeon's response was prompt and to the point. He assured me that it would hardly be worth while to call on him, as he had more Evangelists now than he was able to put to work. I acted on this very plain hint, and did not call. The good man evidently mistook me for an itinerant Evangelist in search of a job, if not a gospel tramp soliciting cold victuals. I suppose he is bored to death with such applications. At any rate, nothing came of that introduction, not even a personal acquaintance, which was the only thing I desired or expected.

The Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. asked me to call, which I did, at the rooms at Exeter Hall. He was kind and civil; introduced me to another Sec'y, who was also civil, and that was all that came of that introduction. The fact being, as I suspect, that no one girlifies the earth while truth is getting out of bed and putting on her sandals, the "evil report" of the Mountain Evangelist has outstripped the good, and these good ones are shy in taking me by the hand or endorsing me. So were the brethren at Jerusalem shy of Paul at first and not his blessed ministry nor his longing desire to "join himself unto them" prevented their being "afraid of him." I find that the brethren are not ignorant of the LORD's work through me, but they have evidently heard something more. The devil will always take care of that; so I shall have to patiently live it all down and preach it all down, as I have been able to do many a time and shall by the LORD's grace do many a time again I do not complain—only put on record.

Wm. Noble, well named—acted a different part. He was exhausted and ill after a recent trip, but lost no time in asking me to come to his house, and from that moment, overwhelmed as he is with work, planned the meeting which began last night. He had visited America, and was only too glad to return, he said, part of the attention and kindness shown him by Americans. The very next day after our first interview, he was off for another provincial tour, which kept him a week or ten days out of London, but as soon as he returned never rested until the meeting was arranged for.

I had a first hearing at Hoxton Hall last Sunday week, which was really the first British audience of any size I had faced. The Hall holds about 1,000 or 1,200 and was full on that occasion. The LORD gave power to the word and 44 souls confessed the Savior. That service gave a unanimous Committee, which was what Bro. Noble wanted, and from that time, nothing interfered with the opening of the revival services, but previous engagements of the Hall that had to be respected. Last Sunday, Marie and I went to Highgate to hold services in "Drill Hall," which led to making an appointment to preach a series of sermons there as soon as Hoxton Hall is finished. So we are fairly "in for it" again, thank the dear LORD; and no one needfully how thankful we are.

At Highgate we were guests in the first elegant English home we have yet seen; and made the acquaintance of a charming family, father, mother, son and daughters, who all are consecrated fully to the LORD's work, and the chief promoters of the "Drill Hall" Mission, of which, more anon, if the LORD will. The son and one of the daughters had been to America, and it was through a letter written to them by my dear friend Judge Lowe, of Dayton, O., that I received an invitation to preach at "Drill Hall." How wonderfully the LORD brings things around. We hope to know a great deal of this Mr. Green and his charming family in the days to come. Marie and the young ladies were mutually attracted. I may mention here, lest I should let it slip entirely, that, as we walked up the lotty hill on which Highgate is built, we saw a rough stone about two feet or more in height and breadth, around which was a railing, and over it an ornamental lamp. This, as duly set forth in an inscription, is the veritable stone on which Whittington (afterwards Sir Richard Whittington) sat and munched his crust, eat in arms, when he was about to leave London in hungering despair, and fancied he heard the Bow Bells ringing him back in these words "Turn again Whittington thrice Lord Mayor of London." And he did turn back from this very stone at this very spot, and did make good the chimes of Bow Bells. All of which not only happened to Whittington in sixteen hundred and something, but has happened to many thousands before and since his time. It is the old story of divine and human energy that dreams as Joseph did, or sees a spider spinning his web as the Brisco did, or hear bells as Whittington did, but in either case rise to bring it all to pass with a purpose that knows no shadow of wavering. Whittington and his cat stand in a niche by themselves in every Londoner's heart, and his legendary history has been an inspiration to many a discouraged heart since.

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In bringing up everything fairly and squarely in this voracious narrative, as I have taken the public into confidence and propose no concealments, but simply to jot down things as they occur, to show how the LORD works and how the devil works; I may just say here, that before leaving America, I asked no letters of introduction from any one; not, however, refusing any that might come to me uninvited. Of such, I had four, viz: one to Mr. Spurgeon, one to Mr. Noble, one to the Secretary of the London Y. M. C. A. and one to Mr. Andrew Jukes. The last, I have yet in possession, waiting a fitting opportunity to present in person. The others I put in the mail soon after reaching London, resolving to leave this whole matter of introductions and human endorsements entirely in the LORD's hands, and not even seem to lean on them or desire them, by going in person to the various parties.

Mr. Spurgeon has been quite sick for two weeks, but is now recovering. His daughter, Mrs. Richardson, of Ohio, is with her. Mrs. Chas. Mendell is visiting relatives in Cincinnati, and will be absent several weeks.

—Report has reached here that J. W. McRea, of this place, who is traveling for the publication of the Lonaville papers, not a single copy of which (Sunday's issue) so far as I have been able to learn, is taken in Lincoln county, marked copies of each paper were sent to several persons resident in the county. I have never resided and do not now reside here. Why, then, were these papers, so pointedly marked, scattered among the citizens of this part of the State? The person who sent them may be unknown, but the reason of the sending is obvious. The Mock-Faulkner trial is to take place here, and some one considered it necessary, prejudicially, to affect my reputation in advance of the trial. To sum up the whole matter, I never heard of Lou Smith or any of her backers, instigators or supporters or any believe of her intent to produce the slightest credible testimony of record or not of record tending to show that I ever married her or went through a form of marriage with her in Ohio or elsewhere. I denounce the statement as mean, cowardly and false, and the person who shall hereafter repeat it as a liar and calumniator.

A SLANDER REFUTED.

The Publication Reflecting Upon the Reputation of Evan S. Warren Proven Entirely False—Some Official Testimony.

[Two weeks ago, we published an extract from the Courier-Journal to the effect that Evan Warren had been pounced upon by a mulatto girl lying in wait and had been triumphantly carried off by her, claiming that he was her lawful husband. That paper on Wednesday contained the following refutation, which, in Justice to Mr. Warren, we give in full. If the conspiracy claimed to be true, a full investigation should be had and the parties brought to punishment.—Ed.]

Your publication, does me not simply an injustice, but an outrage; and the object, in part, of this communication is to give you the opportunity of making such reparation as it is possible by a publication of my denial of the scandal and your retraction of the libel. Simple justice demands that this much be done. The truth, so far as I know it is this: I know the mulatto girl referred to; I confess to have had an improper connection with her. It is, however, not true that I was ever married to her or to any other woman; I never went through a form of marriage with her; I never induced her to believe, nor did she ever believe, that I ever intended at any time a marriage with her; I never proposed or contemplated a marriage with her; she never published and never had a certificate of my marriage with her, and who ever denies these statements or affirms the truth of the reverse in both a liar and a have calumniator. As to the so called scene on Preston street, this is the correct version: I had started to the barber's shop, and on Preston street, near the college, I met up with the girl, who was engaged in conversation with a white man, and when I approached within five or six feet of them I recognized both the man and girl, and the girl said, "Now I have got you," and I immediately retraced my steps, without saying a word, and went to the house of my sister. She did not touch me; she made no attempt to seize me; she did not attempt to drag me to a lamp; she did not give, in my presence or hearing, any statement the like of which is published in the Courier-Journal; she uttered no word, except the words I have given, with in my hearing; she did not lead me away passively or otherwise; I did not go away with her, in the direction of Tenth street or in any other direction; I walked alone and uninterrupted by her after she made the remark, and in an opposite direction, as before stated. And this is substantially all that took place within my presence, sight or hearing, and whoever gives a statement contradictory of this, in such form, as to indicate that I was the humiliated object of the girl's passion, seizure and domination, in both a liar and calumniator.

BUCKLE'S Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. A positive cure for Piles. See paroxys. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

A Blessing to All Mankind.

In these times when our newspapers are flooded with poison medicine advertisements, it is gratifying to know what to procure that will certainly cure you. If you are ill, blood, blood out of order, liver inactive, or generally debilitated, there is nothing in the world that will cure you so quickly as BUCKLE'S Bitters. They are a blessing to all mankind, and can be had for only fifty cents a bottle at Penny & McAllister's.

LANCASER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER,
SUGAR CO. DENTIST,
LANCASTER, KY.

Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM. M. BURDETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.

Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals.

H. C. KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.

Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

I. W. BURDETT. B. M. BURDETT.

L. W. BURDETT & Co.

Now own and are running

THE OLD FLOYD MILL!

On Dix River, 5½ miles from Danville and 3½ miles from Bryantsville. They have put into the Mill.

ALL THE LATE

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - - May 4, 1883

1. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail Train, Daily.

Passes Stanford going North..... 1 15 p. m.

South..... 2 00 p. m.

Accommodation, Daily except Sunday.

Leaves Stanford going North..... 1 30 p. m.

South..... 2 30 p. m.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny & McAlister.

FISHING Tackle at Mr. Roberts & Stagg's.

Leaves of birthday cards at Penny & McAlister's.

STANDARD ready mixed paints at Mc- Roberts & Stagg's.

At the colors of Diamond Dyes at Mc- Roberts & Stagg's.

Joe Haas Hog Choker Cure, Penny & McAlister sole agents.

LADYBIRD's Garden Seeds, in bulk and in papers, at Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

Get your Soda Water, ice cold and pure, from the new fountain of Penny & McAlister.

I HAVE one of the best locations for a bakery and restaurant in Central Kentucky and I will sell my goods or rent the house for the time I have it rented. I will do this for reason that I will hereafter make known. J. T. Harris, Stanford, Ky.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. RAY WAKPENTER was here yesterday.

Mr. ASHER OWSLEY is said to be improving some.

Mr. C. A. REED, of Mt. Vernon, was here yesterday.

Mr. F. J. CIRRAN, of Chicago, is visiting Mr. H. C. Bright.

Mrs. A. O. CHENAULT went to Louisville yesterday to visit relatives.

Mr. W. B. McROBBINS went home with the Doctor to Liberty to fish in Green River.

Mr. E. A. ALBINSON, of Washington county, Miss., is here on a visit to Mr. W. H. Miller.

Our Lancaster editor is also sick, which accounts for the absence of a letter from that place.

Mr. W. H. FRANCIS, Real Estate Agent, has been appointed a Deputy Clerk of the Lincoln County Court.

Mr. W. M. MCKINNEY came home from Pittsburg yesterday to stay until the small pox is eradicated from that place. He says there have been thirteen cases in all and four deaths. Only four cases there now and those recovering.

Mrs. T. D. Hill, Jr., and Andrew Evans, accompanied by Miss Lucy Burton and Miss Panthea McKinney, went on a fishing excursion to the Hanging Fork yesterday and caught 18 fine fish, none, they say, less than a foot in length.

LOCAL MATTERS.

FLORIDA ORANGES at H. C. Bright's. -

NEXT Monday will be County Court day.

NEW styles in fine fur Hats at Robt. S. Lytle's.

SAM HIRN is proprietor of a three-legged chicken.

YESTERDAY at three o'clock the thermometer stood at 87°.

I HAVE a good, gentle milk cow for sale. R. E. Barrow, Stanford.

FRESH cabbage and tomato plants always on hand at W. T. Green's.

GO to W. H. Higgins' for fresh salt and lime. Another car arrived this week.

SOME one relieved Mr. John M. McRoberts, Jr., his roost of about 30 chickens a few nights ago.

DON'T forget that you can buy goods in quantity cheaper from us than any house in town. H. C. Bright.

J. W. HAYDEN has received a nice new lot of Spring Clothing. Wouldn't you go and get a bargain of him?

THE wife of Ben Bright, a respectable and thrifty colored man of Turnersville, died Wednesday of pneumonia.

COME and see the "Golden Star" the cheapest and best coal oil cook stove in the market, at A. Owsley & Son's.

JEWELRY.—A new line of Glass and China-ware, consisting of sofa handkerchiefs, dinner and chamber sets. H. C. Bright.

CALL and examine my stock of Furniture, etc. It is now full and complete, and prices are lower than ever. R. E. Weare's.

W. H. MILLER and wife yesterday formally dedicated to the City Council the right-of-way for a street through their land running from Main street to Lancaster pike.

WE understand that Froman Minor has concluded that he doesn't want a new trial, but is ready to go to the penitentiary. We suppose he had rather risk the chance of a pardon than of bettering his condition by another trial.

THE jail at London was set on fire Tuesday night by a prisoner named Cross, and although it was burned to the ground, none of the prisoners (four) escaped. The jailer of Laurel brought Larkin Bird, charged with breaking into a car, to jail yesterday, where all the prisoners of that county will be confined until a house can be built. The other three being United States prisoners, will not be moved until orders from the proper authorities are received.

WE received the following by telephone from Mr. Wm. R. Williams, of Hustonville yesterday: "National Bank of Hustonville commenced business Tuesday with \$34,691 of capital stock paid in. Deposits on first day were \$8,14. Hustonville Mill Co. is to day running its machinery for the first time to its full capacity, which is 750 bush. corn and 250 bush. wheat per day. Are making three grades of flour one of which is the latest improved patent. Green & Williams have taken about a dozen orders for harvesting machines already. Misses Alice and Ellie Vanner, of Clark, are visiting Miss Mary Thompson.

Bird stock of Bird Cages at H. C. Bright's. ICE CREAM freezers, water coolers, &c., at W. H. Higgins'.

ROBT. S. LYTHE has received a very fine line of Ladies' Shoes.

If you want the best super two-ply wool carpets go to J. W. Hayden's.

THE finest and best five-cent cigars in town are found at R. S. Myers'.

BORN to Mrs. J. E. Farris yesterday an eleven-pound boy. Both are doing well.

FOR SALE.—A handsome residence, well and very cheap. W. Craig, Stanford.

WE ARE the only firm at Stanford selling the Ziegler Bros' Shoes. Shanks & Hooker.

FOUND.—A small amount of money. Owner can get it by calling on Frank A. Maupin, at the college.

If you want to buy Dry Goods, Carpets, Hats or Shoes, do not fail to call at Robt. S. Lytle's and see his stock.

CATO WITHERS, one of the stoutest-looking colored men we ever saw, died here Tuesday of pneumonia.

BRING us your bacon, lard, and all kinds of country produce. We pay highest market price cash. H. C. Bright.

ALL the new shades in all-wool goods and in cheaper goods, with trimming to match, can be found at J. W. Hayden's.

NEW lot of frames and picture frame and cornice moldings, and full line of furniture at B. K. Weare's. Prices low. Call and see for yourselves.

THE Stanford and Lancaster Sporting Club will have a shooting match next Wednesday evening at 1 o'clock on the grounds of the former—eight men on each side.

ROBERT and Thomas Smith had their examining trial yesterday at McKinney for the murder of Wm. Cain and were acquitted, as were also Newton and O. C. Smith charged with malicious wounding. James Cain is to have his trial here Tuesday before Judge Brown. Peter Cain has not yet been arrested.

THE members of the Baptist church here held another meeting in regard to their church building Wednesday, when our suggestion to build a new brick house was brought up and discussed, and it was finally agreed that an effort should be made to raise a sufficient amount for that purpose. There was only a small crowd present, but the sum of \$1,150 was soon subscribed and since then the amount has been increased to \$1,550, and the prospects are very promising for a new church. We know of many persons who will double their subscription if the change is made and we hope by all means that it will. Another meeting will be held on Saturday evening next at 8 o'clock.

DEATHS.

—Mr. A. B. McElroy, of Lebanon, aged 67, died of a kidney affection this week. He is the father of Clarence U. McElroy, of Hawley Green.

—Mrs. Emily Cheyne died of dropsy at her home in this county at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning. She was the wife of Cubell Cheyne, deceased, and was 78 years old.—[Richmond Herald.]

—Mrs. Eve Rayburn, aged about 90, died Wednesday at the residence of her son-in-law, Elder A. C. Newland. She was a remarkably active woman for one of her age up to three or four months ago, when she suffered from a severe spell of sickness, from which she never entirely recovered. She had been a member of the Baptist church at Crab Orchard for a great many years. Her funeral was preached yesterday by Rev. J. M. Bruce, and her remains interred in the family burying-ground.

—Mrs. Carrie Hopper, of Covington, died at Hustonville Tuesday of consumption, aged about 32 years. She had gone to the latter place only a short time ago for the benefit of her health. She was a daughter of Mr. Joel E. Huffman, of Covington, and wife of Mr. Ed. C. Hopper. She was a member of the Christian church, which she joined at the early age of 15. Her funeral was preached by Elder W. L. Williams Wednesday, after which her remains were buried in the Hustonville Cemetery.

RELIGIOUS.

—The Southern Baptist Convention, which will meet next Wednesday at Waco, Texas, promises to be the largest ever held in the South. More than 2,700 persons have already applied for accommodations. No one will be in attendance from Stanford.

—The meeting at the Methodist church has been attended by large crowds, and although much interest is manifested there has been only one addition so far, and that one by letter—Mrs. J. H. Williams. The meeting will continue till after Sunday at least.

—At a business meeting of the Hospital to provide entertainment for the large number of delegates that will attend the meeting here in May, numbering between 300 and 500 persons, thirty-two persons present offered to take 150 guests. There will be three meetings: the ministers and deacons of the State convention May 23d; the General Association of the State will convene on the 24th; at the close of this the Hospital State Sunday School will begin. During this meeting the subject of ending missions and establishing churches all over this section of Kentucky will be discussed and an arrangement made to accomplish a good work.—[Mt. Sterling Democrat.]

—LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—The proprietors of the Lincoln Mills want to buy wheat.

—Thirty-five mules perished in a burning stable at Potosi, Miss.

—NEW YORK.—Market dull. Poor to prime steers \$60.75-40, live weight.

—Club Graham sold to John M. Hall a yearling steer for \$100; of Clayton Snow, a yearling mare for \$65; of same party four-year-old mare mules 14 hands high at \$175 for the pair; same parties bought of Jas. Harbinson five two-year-old cotton mules 14 hands high at \$75 per head. Cow parties on Wednesday sold to Jas. Dick Turpin, for \$1,000.—[Bourbon Sun.]

—Thomas House bought of Dr. John Dowley 42 earling and 2 year-old cattle at \$30 per head. Bruce & Harlan on Tuesday sold to G. W. Welsh for a Louisville party a fine hay gelding for \$200. Ham Headley on Tuesday sold to Mattingly, Sims & Co., of Marion county, 42 head of two-year-old mare mules to be delivered in August at \$105 per head. This is the finest lot of two-year-old mules fed south of the Kentucky river in fifteen years and the price realized the best since the war.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - - May 4, 1883

THE CHIMNEY'S SONG.

BY JOHN DAVIS.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped as the late fire flamed,
And thought of the fire she had long since stored,
And said, as her tear-drops lack salt for eyes,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the children said, as their chores drew,
"The sun which is cleaving the night at
the chimney."

It's a fairy trumpet that just now blew,
And wept the fire in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, "I will sweep snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll step the leak in the chimney."

PICKLED LIMES.

A Boarding-School Folly.

"Who likes pickled limes?" asked one.

"O, I do!" "And I!" "And I!" shouted about a dozen of the other girls.

"All right! We'll each contribute a few pennies, and have a regular feast of pickled limes and stick-candy."

"That's so!" cried No. 2. "Won't we enjoy them, though! My mouth waters to think of it."

These young girls were all pupils in a very aristocratic boarding-school not many miles away, where everything was conducted on system, and the young ladies were expected to turn out perfect models of intellectual womanhood. Some did, but, alas! for human hopes, very many graduated with but one fixed idea, namely: that boarding-school was a place in which to have fun, and to torment the teachers to the utmost of their ability.

Miss Woodward was a fine principal and a very discerning woman, but the girls would get the best of her occasionally, in spite of her keen eyes and ears; and just now, after a whole month of goodness, they were positively pining for mischief, and had ransacked their brains for something wicked enough to shock the whole community.

The morning before, while their worthy principal was taking her beauty-sleep, some one had climbed up to the veranda, and just before her window had placed a most ridiculous caricature of her anguished self, adorned with her precious brown ringlets, and a set of teeth that were supposed to have been a profound secret. How they got out of her top drawer on to that figure will always remain a mystery to Miss Woodward. But there they were; so the poor lady was obliged to pull the object in, and stifle her indignation as best she could, because 'twould never do to have the story spread abroad.

The young Professor of Languages had been tormented to such a degree that, had it not been for an attachment to the very ringleader of all the mischief, he would certainly have thrown up his situation for more peaceful haunts; but, being hopelessly in love, he bore it all, to the great disgust of the girls, who daily expected some explosion from him. Nothing was said, and, as Miss Woodward had kept quiet about the figure, they were quite melancholy, and felt that nothing but great disobedience, in some form, would compensate for their disappointment.

One of the rules of the school strictly enjoined the putting out of all the lights by 9:30 o'clock, and the putting of one's self quietly to bed; but here were these girls this afternoon planning for pickled limes and a good time in the evening, after all the good people of the house should be in their beds.

It was decided that, after tea, Nettie Cutler, the very essence of fun and the leader in all the mischief, should feign illness and start for her room, but should steal out the back gate and down into the town for the goodies. So while the others were in the dining hall, Nettie, having been excused on "account of a severe sick headache," made her escape and did that was desired of her—and more. She bought all kinds of dainties the town afforded, then stole in and went up stairs with her large bundle, unseen.

At 10 o'clock, when they were supposed to be sweetly sleeping, fourteen of the fifty decorous young women in the establishment were perched on Nettie's bed, sucking pickled limes and discussing more mischief.

"If we could only do something to exasperate Prof. Sterns, I should be satisfied," said Grace Darnley, who disliked the professor for something the same reason as the fox detested the grapes.

They all sat busily thinking for about a minute, nothing being heard but the smack of lips over limes and candy. Then, "Oh, girls, I have an idea!" from Grace.

All mouths suspended motion.

"You know Mr. Woodward thinks the professor is perfection itself, and, although she is about twenty years older than he, thinks that those ringlets and her bewitching manner have surely captivated him. Well, we'll send her a touching love-letter, and sign his name; won't that be fun, though?"

The other girls were astonished at such a vigorous movement, because, notwithstanding all their mischief, they thoroughly respected the young man, and did not wish to disgrace themselves in his eyes. Nettie, although knowing

of his feelings for her, was quite

tenderly disposed toward him, and did not care to see him entrapped, and perhaps led into marriage. They all decried some time, but were finally overruled by Grace.

"He won't mind it a bit," said she; "and think how mad 'twill make the 'old 'na,' when she discovers that we are aware of her passion for him!"

That was sufficient; they all desisted—so agreed.

A week from that night was to occur a monthly social circle given in the school, when the young ladies of the town outside were invited, and also a few irreproachable young men, who afforded great amusement for the girls by their mock and lowly appearance. It was decided that the young fellow was to be admitted in but a feeble expression—*he* was simply dumbfounded. And the note! What could it all mean? But, having forcibly seated the too-loying woman again, he dropped it as though it was poison.

The pleated limes and candy having by this time all disappeared, the party broke up with a parting injunction from Grace to think up an awful letter for the old lady.

II—EXECUTING MISCHIEF.

The next few days were busy ones. Every spare moment was occupied by the girls in writing and comparing love-letters; but finally one was composed which it was decided could not be improved upon. It spoke of the overwhelming passion the author had for Miss W., and his bitter inability to keep it longer to himself. "Having fainted, from several slight advances, that she was not entirely indifferent to him, he had ventured to address these lines to her. He knew there was some difference in their ages, but if she would overlook that, he would make her a faithful, devoted husband. If she could return his love, would she meet him in her private parlor the next evening, while the others were making merry above stairs? And could he ask her to make no sign until that time, as, in case of a refusal, he would like to think of her as his own, for a while, at least?"

Grace had been spending hours trying to imitate his handwriting, in which she succeeded to some degree; but, being a love-letter, the lady would scarcely think of the writing simply of the supposed writer.

One afternoon, two days before social night, while the principal was out taking her "constitutional," the letter was carried to her room and placed where she would surely see it; then the girls waited with some fear and trembling for the result.

The mischief-makers themselves were almost as uneasy as their victims. Not much was said among them, and they retired early; but none of them rested well, and Nettie cried herself to sleep.

The next morning, as Nettie was going down the corridor, who should she meet but the professor himself going up. She attempted to pass with a simple "Good-morning," but he stopped.

Miss Cutler, I could scarcely believe that you would be guilty of such a deed as you performed at Miss Woodward's and my expense. I have lost respect for you!"

"Oh! Professor! we—really didn't mean to do any harm!" sobbed Nettie; "and we thought you'd know 'twas all in fun!"

"Yes! It must be remarkably funny to hurt the feelings of your principal as you have done," he said, sternly, and passed on.

Nettie stood gazing after him with tearful eyes. "If we hadn't had those horrid old pickled limes to eat, we should never have thought of it! Oh! he will never look at me again! I wish I was dead and buried!"

But, bless you! he did; he couldn't help it. The girls went to their principal, confessed their crime, and were punished according to the deed; but they were not expelled, to their great relief; and Miss Woodward recovered her raptures until the appointed meeting should take place.

That night the same fourteen conspirators gathered again in Nettie's room to talk over matters.

"Oh, dear," said pretty little Alice Grant, "I wish we'd never had anything to do with that old letter! I know something horrid will turn up."

"That's so!" said Nettie; "and I would not have Prof. Sterns know that I was in the scrape for the world!"

They all echoed the sentiment again, and even she did not seem so desirous of mischief as formerly; but 'twas done, and they must await the consequences as best they could.

III—THE CONSEQUENCES.

The next evening, while the young professor was arranging his toilet for the affair, a note was handed him by one of the servants requesting his presence in the principal's parlor at half-past nine. Supposing it to be some business connected with school duties, he thought little about the matter. Now this was unknown to any but Grace. She had decided to make the little plot more complicated.

"Twill serve him right if he does get into a scrape," thought she. "Perhaps it will teach him to treat some of the younger girls with a little more politeness."

About 8 o'clock they all came to the long drawing rooms, looking as pretty as new-blown roses. The rooms were filled with young people, and of course they straightway proceeded to enjoy themselves.

Miss Woodward was arrayed in "spotless white," and looked the very ancient maiden she was, notwithstanding her attempt to appear extremely youthful.

Prof. Sterns was enjoying himself heartily, and never so much as looked her way. "But," thought she, "tin because he is fearful lest the girls should joke him. But they'll hear it to-morrow, for I shall tell them myself. After so many years of waiting, I wish to be the first to spread the news of my engagement."

As the clock sounded the half hour after 9, Miss Woodward skipped joyfully out of the room down into her own parlor, and a few moments later Prof. Sterns also left the room, followed by many anxious eyes until out of sight. As he entered her room, the principal gave a little shriek of what was meant to be joy, and rushed into his arms.

"Miss Woodward?" exclaimed the astonished man, trying to shake off her. "Pray explain yourself! What has alarmed you?"

"O! Edward, this moment is too much for me! Can I believe my own eyes?" still clinging to him like grim death.

The professor could scarcely believe

his senses, but, giving her a decided shove, sat her down on the sofa.

"Now, madam, please explain yourself! You wished to see me on business, and here I am! What is wanted of me?"

"Why, Edward," very tenderly, "there is no need for such secrecy; no one is within hearing but ourselves, and you know, love, you wished an answer to your note. It is here; I have loved you from the moment I saw you, and am willing to be your wife. The sooner, the better;" and once more she dropped a kiss for his coat-collar.

To say that the young fellow was astonished is but a feeble expression—he was simply dumbfounded. And the note! What could it all mean? But, having forcibly seated the too-loying woman again, he dropped it as though it was poison.

The pleated limes and candy having

ROGUE BRILLIANTS.

"How do your diamonds compare with the genuine?"

"Put them side by side and you can tell them apart. Let me show you some samples," and the dealer turned to his iron safe and got out a box of used "diamonds" of about three carats each. Handing the scribe a dainty pair of tweezers he requested him to examine the stones before the light. The reporter picked up one of the gems as carefully as though it were a \$20,000 stone, and held it before his optics. It sparkled brilliantly, was cut perfectly, and anybody but an expert would suppose it to be a genuine diamond. The reporter was tempted to slip the stone up his sleeve, until he asked the price of it, when, getting the reply, "One dollar," he dropped it as though it was poison.

The pleated limes and candy having

by this time all disappeared, the party broke up with a parting injunction from Grace to think up an awful letter for the old lady.

III—EXECUTING MISCHIEF.

The next few days were busy ones. Every spare moment was occupied by the girls in writing and comparing love-letters; but finally one was composed which it was decided could not be improved upon. It spoke of the overwhelming passion the author had for Miss W., and his bitter inability to keep it longer to himself.

"What! You didn't write it?" shrieked the almost frantic woman;

"then who did? Who has dared to make such a fool of me? Who has

dared do it, I say?"

Now if the professor guessed, he said

nothing, but tried to calm the poor woman, for he pitied her grief and rage.

But 'twas in vain! In her raving, she dropped off her beautiful curls, and that was the "straw which broke the camel's back;" she fell to the floor in a swoon. The young man, thinking she would be better without him, took his leave, and soon one of the servants to her assistance; then went to his own apartments to think it over.

That Nettie Cutler was at the bottom of the mischief, he was certain, and he suffered some sharp pangs to think she was so little for his feelings and those of her teacher as to do such a thing. After much meditation on the subject, the poor fellow took himself to bed with a heavy heart.

Miss Woodward was, with some difficulty, tucked away for the night, and her feelings were pitiable indeed. She meant to be kind to the girl, and to think they should do such an act (for by this time she had thought of some of her pupils as the authors) troubled her greatly. Then, how should she ever meet that fellow again? But, while thinking over these things, she gradually fell asleep and forgot all her woes.

The mischief-makers themselves were almost as uneasy as their victims. Not much was said among them, and they retired early; but none of them rested well, and Nettie cried herself to sleep.

The next morning, as Nettie was going down the corridor, who should she meet but the professor himself going up. She attempted to pass with a simple "Good-morning," but he stopped.

Miss Cutler, I could scarcely believe that you would be guilty of such a deed as you performed at Miss Woodward's and my expense. I have lost respect for you!"

"Oh! Professor! we—really didn't mean to do any harm!" sobbed Nettie; "and we thought you'd know 'twas all in fun!"

"Yes! It must be remarkably funny to hurt the feelings of your principal as you have done," he said, sternly, and passed on.

Nettie stood gazing after him with tearful eyes. "If we hadn't had those horrid old pickled limes to eat, we should never have thought of it! Oh! he will never look at me again! I wish I was dead and buried!"

But, bless you! he did; he couldn't help it. The girls went to their principal, confessed their crime, and were punished according to the deed; but they were not expelled, to their great relief; and Miss Woodward recovered her raptures until the appointed meeting should take place.

That night the same fourteen conspirators gathered again in Nettie's room to talk over matters.

"Oh, dear," said pretty little Alice Grant, "I wish we'd never had anything to do with that old letter! I know something horrid will turn up."

"That's so!" said Nettie; "and I would not have Prof. Sterns know that I was in the scrape for the world!"

They all echoed the sentiment again, and even she did not seem so desirous of mischief as formerly; but 'twas done, and they must await the consequences as best they could.

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